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GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

The Rest of It.

There are a few other things swashing round in the flood of words called the governor's message that some of our readers may possibly be obliged to us for fishing out and bringing to shore.

There were twenty-six fatal accidents in Ohio mining operations during the year, and further precautions are suggested.

Inspection of stationary boilers and licensing of engineers by law are urged.

No explosion of oil inspected in Ohio (by our Balentine) has been reported.

The governor employed the militia only on two occasions in the Hocking Valley. A military force is constantly ready to go there; "but the employment of a military force is itself an evil; it is the last resort, and should be sparingly applied." And the governor thinks, mildly, that "it is, at least, possible, wishout the risk of harm, to make arbitration easy." He is clearly not in favor of making it compulsory; which is the only way it would do any good. But he recommends that the expense of keeping the peace in any county or municipality, whether by civil or military force, be paid out of the treasury thereof, and not out of the state treasury, as now.

The Ohio National Guard is highly commended, especially for its conduct in the Cincinnati riot, and pensions are recommended in cases of death in discharge of duty.

The country common schools are not doing as well as the schools in the towns and cities, from lack of uniformity and supervision of management; and a greater centralization of school powers is advised. And similar advice is offered as to the three disunited state universities: they should be under a single management.

The state board of charities is praised for its benefit; and its advice that no further out-door relief be given to paupers in cities is indorsed, as is also its recommendation of the employment of female physicians in the insane-asylums.

In commending the benevolent institutions, the governor favors the purchase of Longview Asylum by the state, reports his informal action to repair the damage done to the Xenia Home by the Jamestown cyclone, and urges the establishment of an institution for the custodial care of adult idiots.

The governor labors through several pages on the penitentiary. Of the reformed organization he aptly says:

"If the effort be to any considerable extent successful, the reward will be worth more to the state than money. It will come in the form of improved lives, of better men, of qualified citizens. Therefore it is a cardinal feature of the new system to make all reasonable efforts to promote the growth of the prisoners in religion, morality, and education."

The problem to be solved is to find work for the prisoners without competing with free labor outside. The new system has been inaugurated at a loss to the state, of course; but, as the governor remarks, "the abolition of the contract system can not be expected to be immediately followed by profitable pecuniary results." His reflections, facts, and recommendations are interesting and will be read in full by the numerous citizens who are watching with solicitude this experiment of punitive reform.

The other reformatory institutions are doing about as well as usual.

The governor's ideas and his style of presenting them are always unique and attractive; and his discussion of the pardoning power is a readable piece of writing. 'At present," says he, "the pardon business is conducted largely by earwigging;" and you need to read this amusing part of the message to find out what that is. He says he would again recommend the establishment of an advisory board of pardons, if the legislature had not already rejected that scheme; but he does urge a provision for an assistant attorney-general to represent the state in all applications for pardons. And the hard-hearted lawyer reports that he has pardoned only 13 convicts, against Foster's 39 for a like period.

This looks like a capital disposition of the insanity dodge, and ought to be made law:

"I repeat the recommendation of my inaugural address, that the defense of insanity in criminal cases be required to be specially made, and specially passed on by the jury, and that the effect of a verdict, that the party was insane at the time of the commission of the crime, be, not to entitle him to a discharge, but be followed by imprisonment, with medical treatment, for a period commensurate with the gravity of the offense."

The law of private hangings is too much evaded; and the governor goes for hanging inside the jail, and not in a pen outside.

He urges a revision of the criminal laws, and that "the whole fabric of technicalities be swept away." "Experience proves that many guilty escape, few innocent are convicted."

On divorce, he favors a restriction of the legal causes, and says, in the bright, un-state-paper-like way characteristic of him:

"If marriage were a union of hearts only, there might be some foundation for the claim of either party to withdraw at pleasure. But marriage is an objective reality, the foundation of the family relation, which, however, lightly it may be entered into, can rarely, if ever, be severed without serious injury to the parties, to their offspring, and to the community. Religion, morality, and the welfare of society, as well as their own permanent interests, demand of men and women in this relation, that they bear largely with each other's defects and infirmities, rather than seek relief in separation. A system of laws which encourages the opposite is at once shocking to the moral sense, and highly impolitic. As divorces have for many years increased in numbers in a ratio beyond that of population, I am constrained to believe that our system is lax, and tends to the dissolution of families."

For the rest of the message, which is mainly occupied with the dry and statistical, and which even Hoadly's breezy rhetoric cannot enliven, we refer the reader to the message itself.

The Chicago Times calls Randall "the Sergeant Bates of the tariff issue."

If it can be found, it is possible that the American navy will be sent to the mouth of the Congo.

Please get ready to say Feb-ru-ary. It will require three or four weeks' practice to say it well.

Hurd will be seated in the next congress; and when he goes back to Toledo to run for anything he will be reseated.

The reports from Pittsburg are to the effect that the iron trade is brightening, and that the various mills there are starting up with full sets of hands.

The Commercial Gazette says that Gladstone "must not evacuate Khartoum." This should be immediately cabled to him. By the time the C. G. falls under his notice he may have already evacuated.

Grant is in an alarming state of health, supposed to be largely caused by the misfortunes that have lately accumulated upon him. But Vanderbilt is in a fair way to get his money, and is cheerful and happy.

Now General J. W. Denver is talked of by Democrats as a gubernatorial candidate. This must be the result of a great concession on the part of his friends, who had him on the track for a presidential nomination last year.

Major Hugh T. Brooks remarks in The American Rural Home that the consumption of more cherries, berries, peaches and grapes and less pies, cake and meat would lessen pain, prolong life, and greatly increase the mental and physical vigor of the race.

The Ohio State Journal says (the Toledo Commercial concurring) that—

Mr. Abe S. Bickham, city editor of the Dayton Journal, has been writing a series of interesting articles on his recent travels in the South and West. He is showing in this, as in his general work, that he is "a chip of the old block." His father's book on Western Travels is one one of the most sprightly and valuable that has been written.

The GLOBE-REPUBLIC also concurs. Abel is a good boy.

We have given the governor's message in a volume by itself. We are sorry for the man who thinks it is his duty to read it. In fact, we are sorry for having thrown the temptation in his way—or would be, if we had any fear that he would fall into it. A governor's message is always a formidable thing to tackle; but this enormous deluge of words is appalling. There are many very bright spots in it, however. Yet, as we have paid for it, our readers must take it off our hands.

Now notice that Grover Cleveland is not going to display the absolute stupidity that certain smart gentlemen have been prophesying from his big neck and massive jaws. His letter to G. William Curtis was no fool's epistle. And the letter he has just written in reply to one from Sun Set Cox that appealed to him in behalf of the Russian Jews did not come from the back of the neck. It "hoped" in a manner that manifested a lively assortment of brains.

The New-York Tribune having stated that over 60,000 men were in enforced idleness in Philadelphia, Mr. Lorin Blodgett, good authority, says that there are not 6,000 persons in enforced idleness in the city named, and adds: "I personally know that at least a hundred establishments are employing double the force at work in them in December, 1882, at which date an official census of all the city was taken by the police under my direction by order of the Mayor. There were then 242,343 persons employed in all the industries. I have recently examined about a thousand establishments, the result so far showing fully 10,000 more employed than in December, 1882." Six thousand persons is not an unusual number to be out of work in so large a city as Philadelphia.

What is the Springer Committee for, any way? It is in Cincinnati questioning Lot Wright about appointing deputy U. S. marshals. But was it not lawful to appoint them? Did the deputies do anything illegal? Was anybody prevented by them from voting? All the specifications yet appearing are that the deputies were not of the proper color and were not respectable. Suppose that Follett establishes that Lot Wright appointed a large number of deputy marshals. Suppose he establishes that they were a number of them colored persons. Suppose he establishes that they were not of the highest social standing. What then? Is there anything in the constitution or the laws of the United States against this sort of offense? That seems to be about what the Springer investigation is trying to find out and bring to light.

"Let Love Abide."

In the gardens at Bramshill an ancient wedding-ring was dug up. The posy engraved upon it, "Let love abide."

I see the house in dreams, I know the charm that haunts each silent room
Where Lely's beauties smile and glow, and triumph in immortal bloom;
And old dead loves and joys of yore come back to live their lives once more.

Deep in the ivy on the walls the peacock sinks his purple breast;
The place is full of wild bird calls and pigeons coo themselves to rest,
While tunefully, through rush and break, the streamlets trickle to the lake.

Across the long gray terrace sweeps the subtle scent of orange flowers,
And through the stately portal creeps a sigh from honeysuckle bowers,
To blend, in chambers, dim and vast, with fainter sweets of summers past.

Do shadows of the days of old still linger in the garden ways?
Long hidden, deep beneath the mold, they found a ring of other days,
And faith and hope and memory cling about that simple wedding-ring.

It bears a posy quaint and sweet, (and well the graven letters wear,)
"Let love abide"—the words are meet for those who pray love's endless prayer;
The old heart language, sung or sighed, for ever appeals, "Let love abide."

O, noble mansion, proud and old, and beautiful in shade or shine,
Age after age your walls enfold the treasures of an ancient line!
And yet—let time take all the rest, if love abide, for love is best.

—Sarah Doudney.

HOW STATESMEN EAT.

The Habits of Some Noted Men of Washington at the Dinner Table.

Roscoe Conkling is not so esthetic as to live upon the exhalations of the lily, but he has been known to inhale the vapors of a pork chop and go away from the table. At Chamberlain's or the Arlington he always had a choice bouquet at his plate. He is dainty to perfection. On seating himself at the table, his first act is to examine his napkin to see if it has been properly laundried or if it has the least speck on it. Then his plate is minutely inspected on both sides, and the knife and fork are carefully examined. Dry toast, eggs and *cafe au lait* constitute his favorite breakfast. Mr. Conkling is a great lover of salt-water fish, his taste running particularly to boiled cod and the pompano of the gulf. For soup he imperiously demands terrapin or green turtle. He once loved macaroni, but it inclined him to fat and he abhors it now. It is said Conkling has a contempt for all fat men, and, like Napoleon, his greatest dread is obesity. Oysters, when guaranteed to be entirely fresh, he is fond of, and his mouth has been known to water over a young mutton chop trimmed with parsley and flavored with walnut sauce. Mr. Conkling does not believe in "tips," but he has occasionally given his favorite waiter a $5 bill, always leaving it on the table as if he had forgotten to take it away.

Ex-Secretary Robeson was one of the *bon vivants* of the capital, his appetite running to deep-sea fish, rare roast beef, macaroni and red wine. There are some vivid stories of his prandial performances, justifying the belief that a gastronomic contest between himself and Ben Butler would be a show for mortals. Speaker Carlisle is a lean and hungry Cassius who really thinks too much and does not sleep of nights. He was a high roller for several years around Cincinnati, when he suddenly discovered he had a stomach and since that he has had no appetite to speak of, but he has enough dyspepsia for two men. At the Riggs House breakfast he worries down a piece of toast and a cup of coffee. During the day he takes a bowl of soup and a thin slice of roast in the House restuarant, and later, at the Riggs House, he takes a moderate dinner, knowing that if he goes beyond the limit the demon of indigestion will perch upon the headboard of his bed during the long hours of the night.

Senator Edmunds is a good eater, and, what may surprise some people, a good drinker at times. Very frequently the venerable Senator would have found it very difficult to walk a crack in the floor. He usually takes his toddy at John Hancock's, on the avenue, where Henry Clay and Daniel Webster punished great quantities of corn juice. Last Winter Mr. Edmunds awarded the Senate restaurant to Francis, a colored attendant at Hancock's, who had stood behind the bar and mixed cocktails and punches for the Vermont Senator for the last thirty years.

Senator Joe Brown, of Georgia, does not look like it, but he is one of the big eaters of the capital. His thin, wan face does not betray the formidable appetite, for which you must inquire within. A Georgia member said during the last session, "I'll tell you what makes Joe brown so thin—he eats so much it makes him poor to carry it." The Georgia Senator takes kindly to roast beef, well done, and rice; hot biscuit for breakfast, and corn bread and vegetables for dinner, with milk heavily laden with cream. He generally goes into the Senate Chamber with two or three apples in his coat-tail pockets, and at intervals he retires to a cloak-room and munches away on his fruit.

It was related of Tom Corwin, the great Ohio Congressional wit, that on a certain occasion he called on a political friend, but, finding him absent, accepted an invitation to remain for dinner from the young lady of the house. This young lady, it seems, had a mania for using hard or uncommon words. Looking at the Senator from the head of the table, she kindly inquired: "Will you take condiments in your coffee, Mr. Corwin?" With a face of marked solemnity, and bowing gravely to the young lady, Mr. Corwin replied: "Mustard and pepper, please, but no salt." This story is brought to mind by Senator John Sherman's well-known penchant for "condiments!" He is as fond of pickels as a girl of 17, and the vinegar he consumes will doubtless account for the sour and singular quality of his visage. Spiced oysters are his delight, as well as pickled herrings and bread soaked in catchup. "When Mr. Sherman eats mutton chop," said a waiter at the Arlington, "he wants it black with pepper, and plenty of sauce or mustard, and then, if he can't get buttermilk, he wants a sour lemonade."

Hon. Luke Pryor, of Alabama, is one of our old-fashioned men, greatly inclined to primitive speech and habit. He was a strong Carlisle man during the Speakership contest. Being approached by some Randall people who wanted to convert him, he said: "Gentlemen, it is unnecessary to persuade me. My mind is made up. We need a judgematic man and Kerlisle is the man; I am for Kerlisle for Speaker first, last and all the time." This honest old member turns to fried bacon and corn bread, with black coffee, unsweetened, for breakfast, and for dinner the substantial bacon and cabbage, roast beef and a variety of vegetables, with milk and butter. There are not a few members to whom a boarding-house with a frying-pan and corn-bread attachment and a jug of old bourbon under the bed would appear as the chief elements of comfort. It was Henry Irving, the English actor, who said that Congressman Reed, of Maine, bore a striking resemblance to Shakspeare, and, like Shakspeare, Reed's favorite dish is venison steak or roast venison. During the deer season he will put up with nothing else. With a cut of venison, a glass of celery, a few slices of bread and a bottle of claret the Maine parliamentarian is oblivious to surroundings.

Ex-Speaker Keifer, of Ohio, is a ponderous, beefy-looking man, and he eats like a man plowing. He means business, and no mistake. It is a muscular performance from beginning to end. He assaults a beef-steak as if he had a bitter antagonist in his grasp and was determined to annihilate him. He gulps down a cup of coffee as exultantly as if it were an enemy he was burying out of sight.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, likes a good dinner almost as well as he does a good yarn. He is very fond of roast beef, chicken and lamb, and the dinner is the event of the day to him. He never likes to dine alone. He is fond of company, and is never so happy as when he has three or four congenial souls at the dinner table with him.

William Walter Phelps is the "dude" of the House, but by no means an unintellectual one; he is one of your steel-edge dudes, although actually and emphatically he bangs his hair by combing it over his forehead and clipping it. He is intensely esthetic in his table manners. He picks up a piece of bread as daintily as Oscar Wilde, and manipulates it as if he was afraid he would hurt it. Eating is to him apparently a beatiful and quiet ceremony. He drinks his soup as noiselessly as if he were in a pantomime, and when he munches his bacon it would require an audiphone to enable you to hear him. When he picks his teeth he modestly veils his entire face with a napkin. *Washington Letter to the Galveston News.*

A POWERFUL SPEECH.

How An Eccentric Candidate Was Nominated and Elected.

I once knew a man who was nominated by his fellow-citizens for a certain office and finally elected without having expended a cent for that purpose. He was very eccentric, but he made a good officer. When he heard that he was nominated, he went up, as he said, into the mountains to do some assessment work on a couple of claims.

He got lost and didn't get his bearings until a day or two after election. Then he came into town hungry, greasy and ragged, but unpledged.

He found that he was elected, and in answer to a telegram started off for 'Frisco to see a dying relative. He did not get back until the first of January. Then he filed his bond and sailed into the office. He fired several sedentary deputies who had been in the place for twenty years just because they were good "workers." That is, they were good workers at the polls. They saved all their energies for the campaign, and so they only had vitality enough left to draw their salaries during the balance of the two years.

This man raised the county scrip from sixty to ninety-five in less than two years, and still they busted him in the next convention. He was too eccentric. One delegate asked what in Sam Hill would become of the country if every candidate should skin out during the campaign and rusticate in the mountains while the battle was being fought.

Says he, "I am a delegate from the precinct of Rawhide Buttes, and I calklate that I know what I am talkin' about. Gentlemen of the convention, just suppose that everybody, from the president of the United States down, was to git the nomination and then light out like a house afire and never come back till it was time to file his bond; what's going to become of us common drunkards to whom election is a noasis in the bad lands, an orange grove in the alkali flats?

"Mr. Chairman, there's millions of dollars in this broad land waiting for the high tide of election day to come and float 'em down to where you and I, Mr. Chairman, as well as other parched and patriotic inebriates, can git a hold of 'em.

"Gentlemen, we talk about stringency and shrinkage of values, and all such funny business as that; but that's something I don't know a blamed thing about. What I can grapple with is this: If our county offices are worth $30,000, and there are other little after-claps and soft snaps, and walk overs, worth say $10,000, and the boys, say, are willing to do the fair thing, say, blow in fifteen per cent. to the central committee, and what they feel like on the outside, then politics, instead of a burden and a reproach, becomes a pleasing duty, a joyous occasion and a pic-nic to those whose lives might otherwise be a dreary monotone.

"Mr. Chairman, the past two years has wrecked four campaign saloons, and a tinner who socked his wife's fortune into campaign torches, is now in a land where torchlights is no good. Overcome by a dull market, a financial depression and a reserved central committee, he ate a package of Rough on Rats, and passed up the flume. He is now at rest over yonder.

"Such instances would be common if we encouraged the eccentric economy of official cranks. It is an evil that is gnawing at the vitals of the republic. We must squench it or get left. There are millions of dollars in this country, Mr. Chairman, that if we keep it out of the campaign, will get into the hands of the working classes, and then you and I, Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the convention, can starve to death. Keep the campaign money away from the soulless hired man, gentlemen, or good-bye John.

"Mr. Chairman, excuse my emotion! It is almighty seldom that I make a speech, but when I do, I strive to get there with both feet. We must either work the campaign funds into their legitimate channels, or every blamed patriot within the sound of my voice will have to fasten on a tin bill and rustle for angle worms amongst the hens. You hear me?"

[Terrific applause, during which the delicate odor of enthusiam was noticed on the breath of the entire delegation.]
—*Bill Nye, in New York Mercury.*

RED NOSES.

There Are Four Kinds, but Only One Sure Remedy.

Many gentlemen of correct habits and proper morals, who are members of the Young Men's Christian Association and sympathize with the prohibitionists, are afflicted with carmine-tipped noses of so brilliant a lustre as to drive the casual observer to the conclusion that they are dissipated and abandoned reprobates. Nothing can be more disheartening to a man whose principles have led him to abstain totally from all intoxicating liquors than to be pointed out as a horrible example to the rising generation in the streets, only because an inscrutable Providence has bestowed on him a red nose. One of these unfortunate individuals, driven no doubt to desperation by the scorn of the temperate man and the jibes of the small boy whom he meets upon the thoroughfares of the metropolis, yesterday advertised as follows in a daily paper:

A liberal reward will be paid for a remedy that will cure a red nose on a person of good habits.

Dr. William Stevens, of No. 28 West Thirty-first street, was questioned upon these phenomena by a reporter of the *Times*. "Red noses," said the physician, "may be divided into four classes. There is the whisky red nose, which is often cultivated by its owner with as much pride and attention as he devotes to the coloring of his meerschaum pipe. Some men are proud of red noses just as others are of black eyes—artificially black—but these persons are not ornaments to society morally any more than they are physically, as a general thing. Of course, the only kind of remedy for this kind of red nose is to abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages. It all depends upon whether a young man will sacrifice his appetite to his appearance. The second class of red noses—the kind of a nose that may be associated with the features of a gentleman who does not use liquor—is produced by embolism; that is, by the stoppage or obstruction of bloodvessels in the end of the nose, causing the blood to remain there. This may be cured by pricking with long needles and letting the blood out. Does it hurt? Oh, no, of course not; it's a a very pleasant operation, like pulling teeth.

"The third class of red nose may be called the cancerous diathesis nose which is caused by the cancer, and can only be cured by the cure of the cancer. The fourth class of these red noses—the red nose that is most common to men and women of 'good habits,' as the gentleman who advertises says—is the red nose produced by superficial capillary circulation in the veins and arteries just below the surface of the skin. These arteries are so minute in their normal condition that they will not receive the red corpuscles in the blood, and therefore no redness is appreciable when the arteries and skins are healthy. The redness is caused by a disorganized condition of the capillaries. The minute veins become enlarged and the red corpuscles are admitted and show through the skin. The only cure for these noses is climate, diet, and exercise—a regulation of the system. Some people whose noses are red in New York would find them the color of the rest of their skin in Florida or at the North Pole, and the people whose noses are red in those places might find them cured in a climate like this. The only sure way to cure any red nose is to adopt the plan of the gentleman mentioned by Sam Weller, who cured his little boy of squinting by cutting his head off."—*N. Y. Times.*

Recreation.

There is a homely saying among the fishermen "that those who will not mend their nets will soon be unable to catch fish;" and one is seldom found so improvident as to let a hole grow larger and larger until the net is useless. The nearest approach to absolute rest is sleep, and of this every man, woman and child should have abundance, proportioned to his constitution and occupation; but there is a relative rest, quite important, and more neglected by most busy men and women, this rest is recreation. The "I haven't time" excuse, although as popular as ever, is sadly threadbare. A man owning property can afford to invest a thousand dollars though he withdraw it from active business, if he is sure that the money will double itself. We all have twenty-four hours every day to invest, and if one hour withdrawn from business can be better invested, is it not a wise thing to do it? Relaxation, however, to be profitable, must be wholehearted. It is not rest for the business man to bring his affairs and worries home with him. It is not rest for the student to brood over theories and formulus when he walks, neither is it rest to take ones fear and anxieties to our friend's table. If we have no heart to throw off these burdens, we should make the effort in spite of ourselves. We have been bound to our cares as the convict is to his ball and chain, and it is time to master circumstances, instead of being their slaves. Mental slaves are more independent upon the physical condition than we are inclined to think. Irritability means overstrained nerves; the "blues" and "black butterflies" are other names of indigestion and a poor circulation. Recreation, it is to be remembered, is neither dissipation, nor yet absence of activity. Complete change of thought is relaxtion; and Hood is quoted by a recent writer as saying that the Quaker always enjoys life, for he makes a pleasure of his business and a business of his pleasure. —*Every Other Saturday.*

Decay of the Hawaiians.

With an abundance of schools and churches, there are every year fewer scholars and worshipers; with an admirable system of government, they are constantly becoming fewer to govern.

The successive census returns tell this sad story: In 1832 the inhabitants of the islands were 130,313; in 1836, 108,579; in 1850, 84,165; in 1860, 69,700; in 1866, 62,959; in 1872, 56,897; in 1878, 57,985. And even this seeming arrest, shown by the last census, in the process of decay in the native race, is not real; for during the last six years the Hawaiian population decreased four thousand, the total gain being caused by an increase of foreigners to the extent of over five thousand. The Government, in a frantic effort to save itself from extinction, is importing immigrants. During the two years ending in 1880 it introduced over nine hundred Portuguese from the Maderia Islands, and more than eleven hundred Polynesians from the Gilbert Islands. Besides these, many Chinese have come. We are told, moreover, that the physical type of the natives has deteriorated; that the great stature and forms noted by the early visitors to the islands have passed away.

The history of the Hawaiians for the last sixty years might be almost condensed into three words—Christianization, civilization, extermination.—*Popular Science Monthly for December.*

A Petrified Girl.

A young lady living in the vicinity of North East, named Lizzie Patterson, has been relieved from a life of suffering, which for fifteen years had not an alleviating circumstance. When a girl at the age of 10 she was stricken with rheumatism. A season of treatment at the hands of the most skilled physicians failed to relieve the sufferer. At the age of fifteen her muscles became so rigid that the power of locomotion was entirely destroyed. Since then she was confined to her bed and chair, and was unable to do herself the slightest service. Five years ago the muscles became so hard that the joints of the lower limbs could not work. The fibrous tissues of the arms and hands were next affected, so that they were entirely useless, and soon like the lower limbs were no semblance to the human anatomy. A year ago the muscles controlling the head and neck were contorted so as to draw the head out of shape. The muscles in the face then hardened and closed the lower jaw so tight that teeth had to be removed in order to make an aperture through which food could be introduced.

To give the patient even a moderate amount of food required three hours' work, during which time the effort at swallowing caused excruciating pain. Vomiting and suffocation finally caused death. Miss Patterson was 20 years of age, and at the time of her death she was actually petrified with disease. The case is exciting great interest in the medical profession. — *Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

Lieutenant Ludovisi, of the Italian army, who slapped and insulted a brother officer, and shot him dead in the duel which ensued, has been tried by court-martial for the former offense, and condemned to two years' military seclusion and the forfeiture of his commission. The court-martial took no cognizance of the duel; for, while the penal code regards dueling as a crime, though a very venial one, the regulations of the Italian army compel an officer to fight with any one who insults or challenges him, on pain of expulsion from the army.